

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE FAIR OF 1832.

Oh, I have been to view the Fair,
And there beheld the rich and rare
Of motley'd things arrang'd with care,
Singly—in groups, and by the pair.

And ere a sight I ne'er beheld
Of wondrous things, some of them small'd,
I mean the Soap, Fancy and Shaving,
By "Snyder" fam'd—the sort for laving.

Pianos, pictures, leather, prints,
Flutes, and Rifles without flints,
Blankets, buttons, sponge, and elixirs,
Hats, hose, and caps, and curls for fizzes.

Sofas, broadcloths, glass, portmanteaus,
Bedsteads, brushes, and prunellas;
Blinds, carpets, quilts, *une baby's frock*,
Duck, and a "magnum bonum" clock.

A model Steam Boat, and Thermometer,
A Pin-machine, and new Chronometer;
"Opheus" was there, (Cobb's ship I mean.)
And "Pluto" chased, ('twas extra sheen.)

A Globe of glass, the Seraphina,
A Kitchen range, and Cotton spinner;
This last was on the lower floor,
With stoves for coal, *sans any blower*.

Maps, varnish, furs, and silver ware,
Les grande coccons du Parmenier;
Stained glass, rugs, hemp and cassimeres,
With iron castings, and Steel shears.

A rocking horse, pink sealing wax,
Stone flint, and flannels with an axe;
This last adler'd to "Thomas" frame,
Whose giddings premium'd his name.

Loaf sugar, salt, and bobbinett,
And fancy prints from "Merrimack,"
With Jersey flax, and Canton woollens,
Which claim protection, "nolens volens."

These, each, and all, and many more,
Could there be seen, if at the doot
You paid the tax, (two shillings bore,)
For which, I heard the Orator.

October 11.

FINE ARTS.

Since our last we have noticed at Peabody's the fourth part of FINDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON'S POEMS. The first plate, CINTIA, is an exquisite engraving, and the lights and shades exceedingly well kept. Cintia is to Lisbon what West Point is to New York, or Richmond to London; it stands unvalued for its local scenery, and is the resort of the rich citizens and bourgeois of the Portuguese capital.

St. Sophia from the Bosphorus is the next plate. To the lovers of Eastern scenery, this engraving will afford a rich treat; the spacious dome of this famous mosque is seen to great advantage; while the minars, the light catks, and the vessels of burden, with the merchant crowd, at once transport one in idea to the very centre of the Mussulman faith.

The third engraving is MAFRA, "the Escurial of Portugal"; the effect which this stupendous edifice inspires is grand; some idea may be formed of the extent of this building when our readers are informed that it contains a kingly palace, a convent and a most superb church; the latter is also famed for its organs, which for decoration and brilliancy of tone are supposed to be unequalled.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON constitutes the fourth il-

lustration. We never look upon this castle but with emotions of sorrow; conspicuous alike for the beauty of its situation and the cruelties which its walls have witnessed, it stands at once a finger on the page of history to point out where bigotry and civil persecution once held unrivalled sway. We do not consider this plate as Mr. Finden's happiest effort, the waves have the appearance of being "hard" and "scratchy."

ADA, "sole daughter" of the poet's "house and heart" which closes this number, is a superb specimen of "stipple" engraving, by W. H. Mote, from the original miniature. The artist has been very successful; the countenance is redolent with beauty and intelligence; the eyes are full, black and lustrous, and the nose and mouth are beautifully natural; the front hair and brows are exceedingly well managed; indeed, we consider this Mr. Mote's best production; and to all who love Byron as a poet, we would recommend to possess themselves of these "illustrations" as a valuable addition to his works.

At Werckmeister's we have seen the engraving from Sharp's RED HOT POLITICIAN: we are not aware whether the publisher is satirically inclined by the exhibition of this print just now; however, the "clansmen," for or against, will unite in the opinion that Mr. Sharp has produced an exceeding good picture; perhaps the features of the *tonsur* are a little overstrained; nevertheless, we consider the execution, as a whole, fully equal to Mr. Sharp's former subjects.

Peabody's, Wall street, has exhibited a mezzotinto of the ESCORT OF THE PRISONERS BY TORCH-LIGHT TO BRISTOL JAIL, who, it will be remembered, were tried by a special commission for riot and arson in March last. This subject is well executed; the only omission the artist appears to have made is that of the dedication to the Ministry and Sir Charles Wetherell, as accessories—*per facta*.

At the same publishers we have seen Abraham Cooper's RICHARD AND SALADIN. This picture furnishes to all young artists the precept that talent and perseverance united, are the only builders of an artist's fame. Mr. Cooper commenced life in the humble capacity of a groom, but being devotedly attached to horses, he was continually chalking on the walls and doors figures of his favorite animals. One day his employer by chance observed one of these sketches, and struck with the talent exhibited, desired to be informed who was the performer "in chalk." On learning that Abraham was the "culprit," he after some conversation provided him with the means of cultivating his genius; and the result of Mr. Cooper's perseverance has justly elevated him to an equal rank with Ward, who has hitherto been considered unrivalled in "Horse-flesh."

In this plate the character of Richard is warrior-like and muscular, but that of Saladin we do not consider has received sufficient justice. Saladin, it must be remembered, was a warrior of undoubted valour, and famed for his prowess in the East; but in the plate, his attitude is altogether craven, and unworthy of so renowned a knight; the horses, however, redeem all Mr. Cooper's omissions—they possess all the spirit and vigour which should belong to the steeds of such knights which history proclaims their masters to have been.

We must particularly request that publishers will send their subjects to be reviewed not later than Tuesday; which arrangement will prevent disappointment, and materially convenience us. F.D.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

LORD THURLOW.—In private as well as in public, Lord Thurlow was equally above the wretched and contemptible feeling which so often prompts men to deny or gloss over the obscurity of their origin. His parents had been of that class in life which, in the literal as well as in the more commonly received acceptation of the term, is well entitled to the designation of respectable; but they had no title to illustrious descent; and he had too much spirit, or too much sense, or both, to claim any dignity from his ancestry. It is told of him, that when one of his acquaintances was endeavoring to make out how he could claim kindred with the secretary of Cromwell, whose family had been settled in the county adjoining Suffolk, he interrupted the obsequious genealogist, by telling him in a tone and manner that would have befitted his con-

temporary Johnson—"Sir, there were two Thurlows in that part of the country; Thurlow the Secretary and Thurlow the carrier. I am descended from the last.—*Law Magazine*."

THE POET GOWER.—Chaucer, who is called the father of English poetry, who died in 1400, was preceded by John Gower, who was celebrated before Chaucer was known; he outlived Chaucer, however, and died old and blind, but not poor. He wrote a poem in English called "Confessio Amantis." It contains thirty-five thousand lines; and was composed at the request of King Richard II. He had more knowledge of ethics than of poetry; and is named by Chaucer, in these words: "O! Moral Gower!" He united the moral philosopher with the minstrel; and he may now be called the Cowper of his age. He enlarged and disciplined the intellectual taste of his countrymen. Gower was the first poet that wrote in the English language, who gave his lovers a good share of learning, as an indispensable requisite for success in winning the affections of the fair to whom they were devoted. On the tales of Gower, Byron and Scott have founded their Lanzas, Corsairs, Brides of Abydos, and Marmonas. Who ever was, or who ever can be, entirely original!—*Kuapp's Lectures*.

THE FAIRY'S SERENADE.

I will bring thee the treasures of ocean and air,
Rich bandeaux of gold to entwine in thine hair;
I will strip the gay plume from the paradise wing,
And steal the bright tints as the humming birds sing;
I will glean all the shades of the butterfly's hue,
The light from the glow-worm that shines through the dew;

With the draped cashmere thy fairy form deck,
While orient pearls shall encircle thy neck;
Rocks of red and white coral shall yield up their store,
From the depths of the sea,—every gem of the shore,
If thou but with me wilt prepare for the flight
In my bark o'er the waters,—away, while 'tis night!

There, beneath the banana's broad canopied shade,
Thy couch of the swan's eider down shall be made;
The soft zephyrs of summer shall waft o'er the deep,
Æolian music to lull thee to sleep;
While the perfume of Araby round thee shall breathe,
Fresh garlands of wild flowers in chaplets I'll wreath;
The dark topaz shall fade 'neath the fire of thine eye,
The amethyst's beauties thy smile shall outvie;
The bright rays of the diamond shall garnish thy vest,
And bask in their splendour in folds on thy breast,
If thou but with me wilt prepare for the flight,
In my bark o'er the waters,—away, while 'tis night!

INFAMOUS LITERARY ABSTRACTION.—As to letters and autographs of eminent and famous persons, I was once master of a glorious assembly by abundance of original papers, which a relation of mine, who had the disposal of the inventory of the Earl of Leicester, prime minister of state to Queen Elizabeth, made me a present of; among which were divers letters under the hands of the then Emperor, Kings of France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Electors, &c. and other potentates, ambassadors, &c. with sundry other original papers, relating to the weightiest matters of state then on foot; besides, not a few I had gotten of most of the considerable in public employment during the reign of King James I., together with a great number of their seals; and was still augmenting, till the late Duke of Lauderdale, hearing I had some among them of the Maitlands, his ancestors, and others, under the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, came to my house under pretence of a visit, but indeed to borrow the perusal of them for a few days, with promise to return them in a very short time; but never intending it. And for all the instances I could make, putting me off, till himself dying, his library was sold, and I bereaved of a treasure I greatly valued, and though I sought them when the books were exposed, my papers could not be found. This, with what else I lost of what I lent Dr. Burnet, mentioned, as receiving of me for his History of the Reformation, (pretended to have been lost by the negligence of the printers), did so break and interrupt my collection, that I easily parted with those few which were yet left to a friend of mine in this town, who had begun to gather, but who (cautioned by my credulity) will not be so easily imposed upon. But thus, Sir, have I been deprived of being able to gratify that laudable design of

yours, in which I wish you better success.—*Letter of John Evelyn in the "Thoresby Papers."*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—It is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart; the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays, its worth is apprehended as we advance in years, and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age. I believe there is no European language into which 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is not translated.—*Sandley's Life of B.*

ABBOTSFORD.

Day springs from distant ocean; calm and bright
Winds, like a glittering snake, the lovely Tweed;
Rocks—dewy forests catch the rosy light,
The early bee is humming o'er the mead;
O'er ivied cots the smoke is trailing fair,
And the bird sings, and flow'rs scent all the air.

The shepherd resting on his crook, the line
Of Cheviot mountains distant, dim and blue;
The waters murmuring as they flow and shine;
Tall spires the summer foliage glancing through,
Enchant the gazer, till he dreams he be
In Tempe's vale, or Pan's own Arcady.

And here stands Abbotsford—romantic dome!
Attracting more than all this lovely scene;
For glorious genius here hath made a home—
Its turrets whitening o'er the woods of green,
Slopes, larches, to the small forget-me-not,
A magic breathe and tell of fame and Scott.

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee! and him whose fame
Hath haloed thee with interest ne'er to die;
Linked with his immortality, thy name
With Petrarch's venerated pile shall vie.*
Pilgrims from southern land, and o'er the sea,
When we are dust, shall fondly bow to thee.

* The villa of Petrarch still stands at Arquato, and, with his tomb, receives during the year the homage of thousands.

ARAB CULINARY PANACEA.—Butter forms the chief article in Arab cookery, which is more greasy than even that of Italy. Fresh butter, called by the Arabs *zabde*, is very rarely seen in the Hedjaz. It is a common practice amongst all classes to drink every morning a coffee-cup full of melted butter or *ghes*, after which coffee is taken. They regard it as a powerful tonic, and are so accustomed to it from their earliest youth, that they would feel great inconvenience in discontinuing the use of it. The higher classes content themselves with drinking the quantity of butter, but the lower orders add a half-cup more, which they snuff up their nostrils, conceiving that they prevent foul air from entering the body by that channel. The practice is universal as well with the inhabitants of the towns as with the Bedouins. The lower classes are likewise in the habit of rubbing their breasts, shoulders, arms, and legs, with butter, as the negroes do, to refresh the skin.—*Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia*.

WAR.—I have been enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory; but I also confess, that the sight of a battle-field has not only struck me with horror, but turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence not in love and aiding, but in putting an end to each other's existence, as if time did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity! What I thought at fifteen years of age I still think—"wars with the pain of death, which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarism and inheritance of the savage state," disguised or ornamented by an ingenious institution or false eloquence.—*Louis Bonaparte on Sir W. Scott's Napoleon*.

LONDON THEATRES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.—There were seven principal ones: of these four were called public theatres, the Globe on Bankside, the Curtain in Shoreditch, the Red Bull at the upper end of St. John's street, and the Fortune in Whitecross street, near Golden lane; and three private houses, viz. that in Blackfriars, near what is still called Playhouse yard, that in Whitefriars, and the Cockpit or Phoenix in Drury Lane; also, for some time three other theatres in Bankside, the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope.

MISCELLANY.

EPITAPHS.

A volume consisting of five hundred original inscriptions to commemorate the Dead, has lately been published in England. Some specimens are annexed.

"The lovely tenant of this grave despoiled
No magic deed to benefit mankind;
From youth to age he passed his life away,
An honest, industrious, labouring man.
If this be true, while in the world we dwell,
To do our duty and to do it well,
A brighter laurel in its place is lent,
Than shines on any marble monument."

"Does the grave affright thee?
Learn to look beyond it."

"The food for length of life is ever crying:
The wise man knows that he is always dying;
Both seek for immortality, the fool and wise,
The one on earth, the other in the skies."

"O passing stranger! call this not
A slave of fear and gloom;
I have to linger over the spot—
It is my baby's tomb."

"Here, where the sunbeams brightly gleam,
And here the moonbeams softly shine,
While all unconsciously below
My slumbering babe reclines,
His little rosy face
I know will soon decay,
And every clasp and every gaze
Will moult far away."

"But when the sun and moon shall fade,
My baby shall arise,
To brighter realms than flowers arrayed,
And never leave the skies."

"O trust in God in every strife,
And he shall give thee power
To all the suffering souls of life,
And wipe thy young man's
Woe from the weeping of Judah's soil,
His name shall witness, 'Alas, it will!'"

"The flower of the meadow,
The leaf on the tree,
The moth in the room,
Are emblems of me."

"In freedom and beauty
They flourish a day;
Flourish for a season,
Then wither and decay."

"Not more than these the proud and haughty,
The rich, the wise, the brave—
A wandering soul, an orphan,
A green sod, and a grave!"

ELIEZER THE SAGE, AND ELIEZER THE SIMPLE.
A JEWISH LEGEND.

Eliezer the son of Tamiel, the son of Keheth, was the greatest scholar in the Dispersion. He knew ten languages, was a master of all sciences known in his day, and had baffled in disputation all the philosophers of the Court of the Emperor Hadrian, on whose memory he reposed.

Such a luminary was required to keep up the fallen fame of his country, for he lived in disastrous times. The bloody sword of Titus had mowed down his people, like grass before the scythe. The splendour of Jerusalem had gone over the ruins of his glorious city. Thousands and tens of thousands, who had escaped with their lives, and no more than their lives, had been driven into the uttermost parts of the earth, there to struggle with poverty, sorrow, and shame. Judea was broken down into the dust, but the prodigious learning of Eliezer still threw a light on the fallen fortunes of the people, and the Jews of Rome rejoiced to do honour to the name of their sage. Eliezer, the second Daniel, the new Ezra, the wisest of the wise, were the common titles of this distinguished man. He was now thirty years old, his understanding was in its maturity, his knowledge at its height, his fame in the mouths of all men. But what man is above temptation? Eliezer became arrogant; and finding that none of the rhetoricians of the court could withstand the nervousness of his speech, and none of the logicians answer the subtlety of his reasoning, he suffered himself to be altered into the idea, that all human knowledge was within his grasp, that his presence of mind was incapable of failure, and that his genius was made to turn all the casualties of life to his advantage, justify all extravagance of project, and out of all hazard extract honour.

The state of his countrymen under the fierce and cruel government of Rome, now formed the subject of all his thoughts, and vanity, the true temper of the learned, often drew before his mental eye a picture of the triumph of his nation, and the tenfold triumph of the man by whom its deliverance should be effected. Eliezer the Sage was a striking title, but Eliezer the Statesman was something more; and Eliezer the Deliverer, the successor of the Maccabees, the victorious Joshua, the Judge of Judah, was still higher. His views expanded;—what was to hinder his march from the deliverance of Judea, to the expulsion of the Roman armies from the East, to their overthrow in Europe, and finally to the erection of a new and sacred dynasty in Rome itself, breaking down the old altars, allying the old idolatry, and adopting, by an universal and illustrious conversion, the religion of the fathers of Jerusalem? The idea was wild, but the imagination in which it was formed was wilder, and the vanity which nurtured it, was wildest of all.

Eliezer began to sound his countrymen in Rome; the simplest hope of restoration was enough to stir every heart among them. He spread his conceptions through Italy, ten thousand daggers were drawn at the first whisper, and their wearers swore never to sheathe

them, but at the command of the unknown champion, who still trusted in the strong fidelity of Jewish hearts. But another suggestion spread a glow over his eager mind. Reports of passing pilgrims, from time to time, had kept up the memory of that portion of the Jewish people which once formed the Ten Tribes. By some they were described as a vast, vigorous, and wealthy nation, living in the richest regions beyond the Arabian mountains, preserving their ancient manners, learning, and worship, and burning with indignation at the slavery of their countrymen under Rome. Here was a force which, strongly stirred and wisely directed, might be irresistible by even the colossal strength of Rome. Eliezer determined to commence the designs of his magnificent patriotism by appealing to those exiles; by enlisting their sympathy in his cause, and summoning them to the overthrow of the great European tyranny.

But Eliezer found his ardours on this point but feebly shared in Rome, and he seemed likely to be reduced to speculation, until one evening, as he pondered the subject in his study, a stranger was announced, a young Hebrew, who briefly told him, that desirous to learn the laws of his country, he offered himself as a disciple to so illustrious an individual. "But," said he, "I have one fear. I am ignorant, inexperienced, and feeble in mind. The wisest of the wise, whose name has reached even the remotest corner of the Dispersion of Israel, and whose knowledge rises above the darkness of mankind, as a beacon above the dark ways of the ocean, will not such companionship be a disgrace to my lord? I, too, am named by my father Eliezer; and how will it echo in the ears of the faithful, that under the same roof dwell Eliezer the Wise, and Eliezer the Fool?" The sage was amused by the simplicity of his humble guest; but the proudest of the most exalted not be offended by his humility. His knowledge, too, though merely of things that had passed under his own eyes, might be of some use, and Eliezer the Sage enjoyed the whole merit of his conversation in receiving Eliezer the Simple.

The Ten Tribes came under discussion in the course of one of their walks under the towering elms of the Priests' Park. The Sage warmed with his subject, and returned with an ardour of eloquence the rejoicing of his humble guest. The exiles would hear that the glories of their country were about to revive; the exiles would hear that the inevitable flock to the standard of "Jehovah," the irresistible superiority of their hardy warriors, and of their invincible force, when brought into contact with the raw levies, and mercenary hostilities of the troops of Rome. "How have you discovered this?" said the young Hebrew. "For I know nothing of it," said the Sage, "for it is a common notion, and especially the nature of our people. They are, even now, hardly, resolute, and enthusiastic in every thing, and more than all in the cause of their country. It is true, that time may have worked some change in the temper of men, exiled for almost a thousand years; that they may have partially forgotten the language, or lost the high and holy impulses of the Jew. But we must take the facts for granted till we can know better. How to know better, constitutes the whole difficulty of the case." "I should like to know I found out the truth," said the youth, with a head of deep reverence, "except, indeed, by going to see them."

The expedient was vulgar from its simplicity. But the more Eliezer pondered, the more he brought himself round to the necessity of adopting the expedient. He laughed at his humble friend's accidentally striking upon the point in question. But the facts were so essential to the project, which had occupied so many days and nights of his profoundest thoughts, and the magnitude of the project itself, so fully counterbalanced all individual sacrifices, that the Sage resolved to leave his people wondering for a time at his absence, that they might hail his return as a pledge of freedom. The distance, the dangers, and the loss of time, were nothing compared with the restoration of Israel; and the Sage Eliezer, in a few days as allowed for his few preparations, left the gates of the capital vanishing behind in morning mist, and with his humble friend, turned his face towards the great storehouse of human wealth, wisdom, and sanctity, the Lesser Asia.

Eliezer himself was what he had described his people, enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm carried him without stop across the confines of Italy, into the depths of the Pannonian forests, from thence among the heights of the Rhiphan chain, and from thence descending among the exquisite valleys and gushing streams of Eastern Greece. But all the enthusiasm that ever burned in the bosom of man will not feed him when he is hungry, nor clothe him when he is naked. The forests and the highways had equally accomplished the objects of leaving the learned Rabbi's purse and person in a dismantled state. Here was a contingency for which the wisdom of the man who spoke ten languages had not thought of providing. The travellers entered the gates of Byzantium, but their magnificent architecture, worthy of the future capital of Asia and the East, and worthy, too, of greater things than the capital of either, worthy of the heroism and the genius of Greece, was lost upon the hungry.

They passed hastily in, crowded among a group of beggars hurrying to partake of a distribution of corn, at the door of the chief patrician, followed by a troop of Roman cavalry, escorting a new governor, who kicked and flouted the beggars out of their way without mercy, and an immense herd of swine, which made their way through both, without caring for the most palpable wrath of either. Eliezer, strong of frame, haughty of heart, and fierce with famine, had rushed into the centre of the passage, where he at length found himself fairly brought to a stand by the pressure of the crowd.

Was he to suffer himself to be trampled on by a rabble, beaten with the pike-shafts of a whole troop of horse, and rubbed all over by five hundred Thracian swine? In the midst of contumely in all the suburb tongue, threats and scolds in every language, and the delilement of the abomination of his fathers, what was to be done? Never was there a master of all the wisdom in greater want of a little of it, than at that moment. His ten languages would not have been worth one of the pikes that he saw flourishing over the heads of the mob in all directions.

In short, the wisest of Rabbis was thoroughly perplexed. He turned to his humble friend, exclaiming in the bitterest accents of the original Hebrew against the curse of Heathenism, which had killed the world with soldiers, beggars, and swine. "To go on," said he, "is impossible, in the midst of such a crowd; to stop, is to have one's brains beaten out by those insolent pagans and their pikes; to go back is to be defiled by their natural companions, the abominations of Israel." "Far be it from me," said his friend, casting his eyes to the earth, "to utter a voice in the presence of my lord, the light of his people. But when I can neither stop, nor go forward nor backward, I try to go on one side." As he spoke, the words, he pushed his hand against a door in the lofty wall, which gave way, and Eliezer, making a bound towards him, found himself suddenly out of the peril, and within a large and rich garden.

Nothing could form a more grateful contrast to the scene from which the travellers had just been extricated. The roses lavishing their beauty in absolute thickets of bloom,—the grapes spreading their pearly and purple clusters over the walls—the marble terraces, the statues, every thing, a Parian fountain of exquisite sculpture, in which a nymph from the chisel of Pheidias, was tossing straws, like showers of silver, in the faces of two playful Cupids, for daring to rouse her from her slumber; a succession of arbours of the elmetis, and all the lovely and verdurous plants that at once spread their shade, and breathe odours over the burning hours of an oriental summer; all looked to the travellers' eyes like a vision of paradise, compared with the heat, the clamour, the choking vapours, the stifling dust, and the personal danger, from which they were distant, only by a foot of granite wall. The great Rabbi involuntarily thanked his humble friend, for his having employed his senses so much to the purpose. "However," said he, "I have no doubt that we should have both discovered it, if those insolent pagans had but given us time." His simple disciple made no answer; for at this moment, half-a-dozen persons of angry looks, and armed with staves, scarcely less formidable than the pike shafts, were seen coming down upon them in full charge. The travellers were instantly surrounded, seized, and accused of having broken into the ground for the purpose of robbing them of the Syriac manuscripts, expressly intended for the Prefect's table. The Rabbi was indignant at the insult offered to the luminary of the Sanhedrim. But his wrath was of no use. The angry gardeners were but the more convinced of his delinquency.

Eliezer was by nature eloquent, and by habit a first-rate logician. He proved, with a torrent of incoherently language, the impossibility of his having known anything about the garden or his masters, and fairly outwitted all the wisdom of their cultivators. But his verbal eloquence was fatal to his cause. The honest gardeners shook their heads, conceived that they had caught a lawyer, and discerning promptly concluded that the question of his knavery was beyond dispute. They proceeded to drag him forward; but whether to suspend him from one of the peach-trees that overhung the spot with such shadowy luxuriance, or to drown him in the river that poured in such crystal freshness through the arbours, was evidently the only point now waiting for decision. Eliezer cast a parting look at his fellow-traveller; it told the very profound of perplexity.

This was no time for ceremonial. His friend, whose silence had earned for him the fortunate distinction at that time of being overlooked, or at worst, of being considered only as the tool of his more brilliant associate, now pushed forward into the crowd, and said, "Master, why should we not tell what brought us into Byzantium at all? There was something in the simplicity of the language, or of the speaker, which pleased the men of the spade. It was, at least, more in their own style than the fine Roman periods of his eloquent friend. They stopped to hear him out. They were amused by the folly of two men attempting to make their road good through the world, only to find out a colony of miserable Jews. They burst into roars of rustic merriment at the oddities of their travel, were delighted with the chances of their being starved, and could not restrain their laughter at hearing that their whole wardrobe consisted of the clothes on their half-naked limbs. Compassion, however, at last began to find its way, when laughter was tired. They advised the travelling sage to go home again as soon as "so great a blockhead could find his way;" and above all, to beware of being again found among melon beds in the neighborhood of Byzantium; but to his friend, they offered the highest profection within their gift, pronounced him to have more brains than a hundred of such talkers, told him, that he was even worthy to be a Byzantine gardener, and promised him the first vacant spade.

The Rabbi was, if the truth must be told, intolerably mortified. But his neck was spared. He was not to float above the heads of mankind from the boughs of the peach-tree nor to sail beneath their feet down the limpid depths of the river. There was some comfort even in this. But he made a vow in his soul, to be exposed to no more comparisons if he

could, and get rid of his downcast friend on the earliest opportunity. He, however, heard with some degree of gratification, his refusal of the tempting offer of preferment. A thousand miles still lay between him and the nearest settlement of his lost countrymen. The forests, rivers, and barbarism through which he had already passed, had stripped him of his money, turned his robes into shreds, and his feet into an epitome of every pang of fever, cramp, and the actual cauterization. European travel had given him a foretaste of the progress over the rugged plains of Asia Minor, the marshes of Babylon, the chain of Caucasus, and the sands of Parthia, which seriously diminished his fondness for solitary journeying. He therefore took his departure, glad to find his humble friend following him; and even not sorry to see that friend's arms loaded, by the bounty of the gardeners, with a melon worthy of the Prefect's own most luxurious hour.

The melon was destined to be of good service. The sun was hot, and they sat down to rest together under the walls of a sumptuous house of which all the doors and windows were open to catch a breath of air. A group of slaves were loitering outside the portico. They surrounded the humble stranger, and offered to make a purchase on the spot.

The Sage suggested that they should realize the value of their merchandise as soon as possible. "No doubt," whispered his friend in turn, "but in my country, the custom is that you look out for a very different person from the customer that looks out for you."

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the Rabbi, "your melon will not keep above a day; and unless you face what these fellows offer, we must starve."

The remembrance seemed to be thrown away upon the melon bearer, who had risen, apparently attracted by the sound of a note, and some secret voices singing within an open chamber, at some distance. He stationed himself under the window, listening. The chamber was stately—a position of silk, green as the leaf of the vine that curled and festooned round it, and beneath that pavilion a banquet, whose gold and onyx vases alone might have made the residence of an Asiatic king; but now upon the property of the plunder of the gallant Triumphant commander of the twenty-third legion. Down the side of the table were seated a long line of the young and fair of Byzantium, listening to the alternate chant and recitation of a group of Greek minstrels, performing a scene from the Electra. Even the grave eyes of the Rabbi were soothed by the delicious harmony; and as the richness of the verse sunk into his soul, he dreamed of glory once more. But there were other thoughts dawning on his excited spirit. In Italy he had left behind him one, to whom even his pride of understanding was made to bow; Eliezer had a heart, though it had been buried under a weight of folly, and that heart could sometimes remind him, that though speaking ten languages, he could feel the delightful weakness that, more than all the sensations of human nature, raises us above, or sinks us below, the level of man.

The diamond eyes of Narsinus, the daughter of his neighbour Jaran, had taught him a lesson, which often confused his philosophy; and the keenest struggle which his departure from Rome had cost even his arrogant and daring spirit, was the necessity of leaving this exquisite creature without disclosing to her the secret that was often nearly an overmatch for his philosophy. In the half dream into which the harmony lulled him, the name of the beloved stole from his heart to his lips. His conscience instantly smote him. The offence might not be much for a man of thirty, and in the full animation of his passions; but what was it for a Rabbi of the first renown, a walking repository of the wisdom of the wise, the future liberator of his country, and now a heroic pilgrim, travelling through sands and snows, fire and water, for her unequalled cause?

In the mean time, his simple associate had drawn the cloak from his shoulders, uncovered the melon to the day, and approached it towards the easement. The odour was conveyed into the apartment with the current of the air. It was delicious. All recognized the perfume of a fruit which the Prefect kept with proverbial jealousy for himself. It was the only luxury wanting to the luxurious board that now lay spread before the gallant Legionary. He ordered its instant purchase. But the possessor was found to be reluctant. The Tribune, indignant at the delay, rose from his couch, and advanced to the window, to see if the head of the refuser was worth the edge of a Roman sword. But his steps were suddenly surrounded, his wrath was softened, and his sword confined in its sheath by a circle of fair hands, enough to have fettered the ire of Mars himself. The simple merchant and his merchandise were obviously and equally at his mercy. But the Roman was in a scene and an hour of tenderness. He took a purse from his belt, and flung it out in the midst of a chorus of sweet approbation and sweet smiles, worth ten times the money. The melon was duly delivered, and deserved all its applause. The simple traveller glided away, before it had gone the round of the table; evidently from some knowledge that the generosity of Roman Tribunes seldom lasted longer. Eliezer, for once not disposed to dispute, walked after him, straight to and through the city gates. His companion now counted his day's profits. The purse contained ten times the sum that had been offered in the first instance.

"You have made the wiser bargain after all," observed the sage.

"I do not know that," answered his disciple; "but in my country, we never sell if we can help it, till our

commodity is asked for; and always prefer master to the slave."

The price of this day's merchandise supplied the means of carrying them to Asia Minor. It was frugally used; and in a climate where the sky saves the trouble of a canopy to a bed, and the leaves of nectaries and jasmines make excellent coverlets, they dispensed but little for shelter, night or day. Their money accordingly staid with them, till it saw them fairly embarked for the coast of Tripolis, and there the last coin took leave of them on shore, and returned to circulate in the hands of porters, into the hands of the collectors of the revenue, from them into the hands of the men and maidens of the Prefect's palace, who had the care of the petitions from the collectors for promotion, from them into the hands of the Prefect, who sold the promotion, and from them into the hands of the original Tribune for connivance.

The Rabbi and his companion landed at the foot of the Anti-Libanus, in the exact condition for climbing the lofty range that shuts out Asia Minor from Syria, for climbing any other precipice of marble that encompasses the globe. They were thin as lizards, were taught to live almost upon air, and were altogether disburthened of clothes, merchandise, and money. The prospect before them now began to be formidable—both looked terribly east down. But Eliezer's bold nature triumphed in difficulties, and he was besides a little ashamed of having subsisted so long upon the mere good luck of a being so confidently his inferior in equipments and ability as his follower. As they stood on the summit of Libanon, and looked down on the lovely expanse of country reaching from the foot of the mountains to Damascus—"Now, my young friend," said the sage, "I may soon repay you some of your money. In three days time we shall be in Damascus, if we can beg our way so far. There is a stable-gate for something. Barbarism is not suffered to carry a sword before it, as in the last thousand miles of rock and swamp that we have travelled together. Her people are selfish, the rulers humane, the lawyers magnanimous, and even the priests charitable."

"I have rather heard that they are charitable," said his simple friend, "for if they are not, we must starve in the streets."

"Set your mind at rest on that point," was the sage's reply. "I have not studied the laws of Moses, Solomon, and Nimrod written commentaries on the government of every kingdom of Asia, and been master of all languages, to starve in the streets of any city, but arts of state laws or Byzantine gardeners."

They ascended the mountain, and entered that matchless valley which well earned its name, the garden of Syria. For the three days, they travelled through a labyrinth of vineyards and orange groves. The date hung its golden bunches over their heads, the pomegranate told its purple globes at their feet; the olive nestled at their touch; and the fig, blue as sapphire, and tender as the lip of the maidens of Assyria, begged their taste with its aromatic ripeness. Here at least they could not starve. But life was not so endangered even among the figs of the valley of Damascus, and they pushed onward for the gates of the renowned city of the orient's graces.

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE.

During the blockade and siege of Gibraltar, in the year 1779, &c. there were in the garrison seven regiments of British infantry, three regiments of Hanoverians, a battalion of artillery, and a company of engineers; in all above five thousand soldiers, and between two and three hundred officers. Amidst so many officers, of different ages and of different countries, it may be supposed there were not a few curious and eccentric characters. I have preserved odd anecdotes of some of them.

In the 72d regiment, or Manchester volunteers, in which I was an ensign, there was an officer, an honest, worthy, but blundering Irishman (Lieut. Macnamarra), who had, to perfection, the natural habit of making "bulls." Mac had one day the command of ragged-staff guard, which being a central situation between the New Mole and the Old Mole, and close to the water's edge, had a ladder of ropes placed at the top of the line wall for the convenience of boats coming from or returning to the ships in the bay. This ladder was always drawn up at sunset, and fixed again at day-break. It happened that Lieut. Browne, of the Brilliant frigate, had dined at the mess of the 12th regiment, and having drunk freely, had forgotten the hour, until he heard the evening gun fire; greatly alarmed, he instantly quitted the table, and hurried to ragged-staff guard, where the ship's boat had been waiting for him above an hour—but he came too late, the ladder of ropes had been drawn up some minutes. What was to be done? He applied to Lieut. Macnamarra (to whom, by the by, he was an entire stranger) to fix the ladder of ropes again, that he might descend; but Mac told him it was contrary to garrison order, and that he dared not do it. Mac, however, at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of Browne, who ascended into the boat and rowed off; but the one had neglected to ask for, and the other to give, the "naval parole." The boat had advanced but a few yards, when it was challenged by the sentry on the line wall.

Who comes there? "A naval officer." "Give the naval parole." "I don't know it; I am Lieut. Browne, of the Brilliant frigate." "I don't care who you are," replied the sentry; "but if you don't put back, I will fire into your boat." There was nothing to be done but to return. In the morning the circumstance was reported to the governor (General Eliott) and the commanding officer afloat, Captain (afterwards Sir Roger) Curtis; and both Lieut. Browne

and Lieut. Macnamarra were placed under arrest. Knowing that, if tried, they must be inevitably broke, Lieut. Macnamarra wrote several petitions to the governor, but received no answer, and was in a state of great distress, walking up and down his apartment, and repeating, "If ever I do a good turn again, may the d—burn Barnard Macnamarra." At last, on the seventh day, Major Harbrough, of the 39th regiment, was sent to him with a message from the governor. "Well, what does he say?" was the eager inquiry. "He says, that whatever the navy do by Lieut. Browne, you shall share the same fate." "Then," exclaimed Mac, clapping his hands together in great agitation, "I wish the rascal may be hanged!" However, as they were both excellent men and officers, they were severely reprimanded and forgiven.

REMEMBRANCES.

"There was a time when love was young,
And fancy's sunny brow was shaded
By wreaths of fondly imagined thoughts—
But they are faded."

There was a time when love was light,
And vows of holiness were spoken
With the true fervour of young hearts—
But they are broken."

There was a time when love was true,
That in the heart-deeps long were cherished,
And treasured up within their shrine—
But they are perished."

There was a time when life was light,
And the shadows of sorrow were shrouded,
Gleaming with sunshine's joyous beams—
But that is passed."

There was a time when the loud laugh,
Mixing the most of merriment and mirth,
Was heard from many a joyous breast—
But that is vanished."

There was a time when our fair heaven
Of laughter was seldom clouded,
And glories were our summer days—
But now they're shrouded."

No more for me the sweet, kind look,
The dear smile, so long and clinging,
The hushed fondness of love—
The laughter ringing."

Around the walls, where once I roamed,
The world again, as if on wings,
To lose a single note of grief—
No sweet and thrilling."

All things are gone—yet I am here,
Without a tear to moisten my cheek—
Yet not a spot on which I gaze—
Faint to remind me."

Of bygone days and golden hours,
Which if my bones were buried,
Now there is not a trace left—
Till they flourish."

You there used to be a joy,
A quiet ray of blue and blue,
That when you would not be so,
And life is beginning."

Handy and deftly from me,
In presence, and with me, and me,
That there exists a large place—
To tell the weary."

Where broken hearts and pure are met,
And pain and trouble find a rest,
And the mournful throng of souls are met,
No more to sever."

SEVERITIES AGAINST THE POLES.

The papers supply the following details, on the authority of the *Brusselisch German National Journal*.

The intercourse with Poland is now so difficult that the communications on the subject furnished by public papers either give but a general view of the misery of the country, or describe only isolated facts that are soon forgotten, so that it is impossible to form a correct idea of the entire system which Russia is now preparing in Poland. We have lately received letters of the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 30th of May, which bring various, numerous, complete, and important statements founded on public documents, and the evidence of creditable persons. We here give extracts from them. We abstain from all personal reasoning, confining ourselves to the quotation of naked facts, dates, names and documents. It appears certain that Russia has wholly renounced the idea of attaching the Polish nation by benefits and institutions; it has now recourse to a severe, perhaps last means—viz: the system of the depopulation of the country; it desires the Polish land, but not its inhabitants. In consequence of this system, the following orders have been issued:

1. The confiscation of the children. This takes place in the provinces previously incorporated with Russia—viz: Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, without any previous orders, merely according to the general military chase: the exceptions depend on the will of the Military Governor. It extends to children of both sex. In the kingdom of Poland which is nearer to Europe, it embraces only the male children of the poorer class—that is to say, 19-20ths of the male children. The measure was announced first as an chase of the Emperor, communicated by Prince Gurezkow, Chief of the Staff of the Army, to M. Tymowski, Secretary to the Council of the Administration of the Kingdom, who stated that it was His Majesty's pleasure that boys wandering about the streets, orphans, and those who are destitute of means of subsistence, shall be collected together, sent to Minsk, and delivered to the Commander of the Garrison, to be placed in the battalions of the military cantonments, and to be afterwards sent to the divisions assigned by the Chief of the Staff for the military colonies. The Commander in Chief, it adds, had received orders for the punctual execution of His Majesty's will, and a

fund was assigned for the support of the boys, and for the expense of vehicles to convey them to Minsk. The Prince Marshal accordingly sent directions to the military Governors and Intendants General in the provinces.

A subsequent order of Prince Paskewitch, recapitulating the heads of the ukase, is addressed to the Counselor of State, Fuhrmans, President of the Finance Department, informing him that the Intendant General of the Army has been ordered to have clothing made of three different sizes for boys from the age of 7 to about 16, to the number of 100 from every waiwodeship. The clothing, of which patterns have been sent in, consists of grey cloth, with yellow collar and plain buttons, grey pantaloons, short boots, black socks, two shirts for each, and socks. This uniform, resembling that of the Russian cantonists, amounts for the whole reckoning, 100 for each waiwodeship, to 18,222 Polish florins. The Field Marshal adds that he has approved of the patterns and the prices, and desires the President of the Finance Department to furnish the above sum from the revenue of the kingdom, and to bring it to account in the budget, under the title of extraordinary military expenses.

These orders, the contents of which are so threatening, and which are still more terrible in the execution, excited general fear in the whole kingdom. The terrified mothers ceased to send their children to the schools still existing, which indeed were very indifferent, and this went so far that the municipality of Warsaw found it necessary to publish a declaration (which was immediately made known in the Prussian State Gazette) that the Emperor took only poor and orphan children under his protection. But it depends on the military Governor to decide, what child is to be called poor or an orphan. Up to the 5th May, four convoys, each 150, had been clandestinely sent out of Warsaw alone. On the 17th May, the 5th convoy, consisting of more than 20 wagons full of Polish children, from the ages of 5 years to 17, was sent away, not in secret, but quite openly. The scene was heart-rending. "For some days past," writes an eye-witness, "the weather had been very bad and cold, and on that day, 17th May, there was a heavy rain. Nobody was seen in the streets; all at once, about one in the afternoon, there was heard an extraordinary rumbling of wagons, tramping of horses, cries of women mingled with sobbing. It was the caravans with the destitute children rolling from the Alexander's barracks to the bridge. Everybody who had any provisions, clothing, or money in the house, sent or carried it out, put it in the wagons, or gave it to the innocent creatures, forever lost to their mothers and their country. The mothers running after their children rushed among the wagons to stop them; other women join in their grief; a general lamentation is heard, with loud curses of the gens d'armes, but without effect. The better informed could not help recollecting the story of the lion at Florence, that prowled through the street, seized a child and bore it off to the desert. Alas! the despair of the mother disarmed the cruelty of the wild beast, but it could not disarm the cruelty of the men at Warsaw."

Those Russians who felt how dreadful the orders of their government were, propegated in Warsaw, as an apology, that this was done in consequence of the principles adopted with regard to Poland by the three Allied Courts of Russia, Prussia, and Austria."—*Allgemeine Zeitung*, Aug. 22.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—This distinguished character continues to sink gradually though not so rapidly as had at first been expected, and is not supposed at all likely to last another fortnight, even though he should have no fresh attack. For a month past, he has been entirely confined to his bed; indeed, the single gleam of recovery first occurred at Abbotsford was only a few days' duration.—*Edin. pap.*

THE SABBATH.—In an article under the head of "the days of the week," descriptive of the feelings and habits which occupy the busy part of mankind on each day a writer in *Tait's Magazine* thus concludes:—

"Sunday rises amidst the universal hymn of Nature to Nature's God. Aurora on that morning seems, as if she had borrowed the glorious robes of Religion to deck her more lustreously forth. She walks up the east with a statelier step, and pours down upon our heads a more perfect effulgence. There is not a work-day movement, or a work-day sound to mar the general solemnity. But nature's own sounds—the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees—or, what is not less beautiful, the far tinkling parish bell, warning of the approaching hour of prayer—these all come with a greater force upon the ear. The time of worship arrives, and the humble denizens of this world enter the temples of their Creator, to consecrate their affections to him, and soothe every rough feeling, under the blessed influence of devotion. Were there nothing but old habit in this practice, it would still be delightful and meritorious. To think that the prayers which are read were composed by the Fathers of the Church, some of whom perished for their faith at the stake, and have, ever since, been used by a large class of individuals endeared by country or by relationship; or to reflect, that the psalms which we sing, (supposing a presbyterian place of worship,) are still the same which were sung by the ardent and steadfast Covenanters, amidst the wildernesses to which they were driven; to think that the Great Book itself contains the communications which God, in long past ages, condescended to make for the benefit of his fallen creatures, together with the glad words which he afterwards vouchsafed for their redemption;—these are ideas which come over the mind on this occasion, to

elevate and purify it above its ordinary state. In the evening, the same repose reigns unbroken, and men at last fall asleep in the hush of nature, as if they were never again to rise."

THE IRON OF BORNEO.—The iron found all along the coast of Borneo, is of a very superior quality, which every person must know who has visited Pontiana or Sambas. At Bangermassing it is, however, much superior; they have a method of working it which precludes all necessity of purchasing European steel. But the best iron of Bangermassing is not equal to that worked by the rudest Diak; all the best kris-blades of the bugis rajahs and chiefs are manufactured by them; and it is most singular, but an undoubted fact, that the farther a person advances into the country, the better will be found all instruments of iron. Seljic's country is superior in this respect to all those nearer the coast; his gollocks, spears and kris-blades are in great demand. There are forty-nine forges at work merely in the camping of Marpow; but the mandows and spears, which he uses himself and gives to his favorite warriors, are obtained farther north. Those men live in a state of nature, building no habitations of any kind, and eating nothing but fruits, snakes and monkeys, yet procure this excellent iron and make blades, sought after by every Diak, whose hunting excursions have in view the possession of the poor creature's spear or mandow as much as his head, improbable as it may sound. Instruments made of it will cut through over-wrought or common steel with ease. We have seen penknives shaved to pieces with them by way of experiment; and one day, a vager of a few rupees having been made with Seljic, that he would not cut through an old musket barrel, he, without hesitation, put the end of it upon a block of wood and chopped it to pieces, without in the least turning the edge of the mandow. In the sultan of Cotti's house there are three muskets, formerly belonging to major Mullen's detachment, which are each cut more than half through in several places by the mandows of the party which destroyed them. This circumstance being mentioned to Seljic, he laughed, and said the mandows used on that occasion were not made of his iron, otherwise the barrels would have been cut through at every stroke.—*Singapore Chron.*

DENY EVERY THING, AND INSIST UPON PROOF.—Lawyer Acemody figured at the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts, something like half a century ago. He had a student named Varnum, who having just completed his studies, was journeying to a distant town in company with his master. Acemody, on his way, observed to his student—"Varnum, you have been with me three years, and finished your studies; but there is one important part of a lawyer's practice of great consequence, that I have never mentioned." "What is that?" inquired the student. "I will tell it," replied Acemody, "provided you will pay expenses at the next tavern." The student agreed; and Acemody imparted the maxim at the head of this article. The supper, &c. were procured; and on preparing to set off from the tavern, Acemody reminded Varnum that he had engaged to pay the bill. "I deny every thing, and insist upon proof," returned Varnum. The joke was so good, that Acemody concluded it best to pay the bill.

Refreshing Walk.—M. Rocca (father of the husband of M. de Stael) was not a man of quite so much sensibility as his son. At the death of his wife he accompanied the funeral on foot, as is the custom at Geneva, to the cemetery without the walls. A friend, who met him on his return from this melancholy duty, put on a long face, as usual, and asked after his health in the most sorrowful tone imaginable. "Why, thank you, pretty hearty," replied M. Rocca; "that little walk has quite set me up. There is nothing like a little fresh air in the country!"—*Memoires sur Josephine*.

A man of sense.—A man in Pittsfield or some where about, being one day in a brown study, fell into an earnest conversation with himself. His wife in the other room hearing him and having a female curiosity to know whom her half was talking with, carefully opened the door, and finding him entirely alone, said, "My dear why do you talk to yourself?" "Because," he replied, "I like to talk to a man of sense."

One of our neighbors, espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without "leave or license," bawled out very lustily, "what are you about here, you rascals?" "About going," said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double quick time!—*Record of Genius*.

A Trifle.—A peasant being at confession accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

The relief of the late Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy, died on Wednesday night, at her house in Belgrave street, Belgrave square. This venerable and respected lady died of the prevailing epidemic, after a few hours attack.—*Eng. pap.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1832.

COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

We have before us the first part of the "Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm and Villa Architecture," by Mr. Loudon, the well known author of similar treatises on Agriculture, on Gardening and on Plants. The present publication has peculiar claims upon the attention of Americans—of whom the greater part that live in the country occupy houses, in the construction of which is a most lamentable deficiency of taste and comfort. Well may our Jefferson have exclaimed "the genius of architecture has shed her maledictions upon this country," when from one end of the continent to the other, there is scarcely to be found any of those beautiful little villas and cottages which every one pictures to himself in imagination, as the abode of rural felicity and domestic comfort. Even in New England, where—if any where in this country, prevail correct ideas of what constitutes good taste, and where there is a general attention to neatness and good order about the villages and houses in the country, how much is yet to be learned in the style of rustic architecture, before these maledictions will be removed! A huge house is generally built of pine boards, large enough for Noah and his whole family to live in—a room or two on the first floor is then finished off, and the rest is left for years in its original state, with nothing but naked rafters, and unplastered walls to grace the interior. The windows, with which the building is plentifully supplied, are so numerous that the expense of glass cannot be afforded for all of them, and of course those in the unfinished part are closed with pine boards, or stuffed with old hats and cloths, to keep out the cold, and protect the inmates from the inclemency of the weather. Nor is this all—the extravagant ideas of the builder brings upon him a host of other expenses which he is unable to meet—the sides of the house suffer for paint—the roof frequently lacks for shingles, or clapboards—the doors swing on leather or wooden hinges—and the yard is enclosed by only a temporary fence, through which the cattle and other interlopers soon find entrance to bark or browse under the very sides of the building. As for trees—shade trees—planted about the house, none are to be seen but the everlasting poplar, with its gaunt, leafless form, stretched up into the air, like a great gawky fellow who feels that he is out of place, and has nothing to do but to gape and wonder.

Now how easily, and at how little cost, could all these evils be remedied. It is wonderful, indeed, at what small expense one may lay out his grounds with taste, and ornament them with shade trees—and not only give to the whole appearance of his buildings an air of comfort—but impart to them the real solid, substantial comfort itself. To do this he should not build beyond his means—he should not undertake what he cannot accomplish. A tenement in the country to be useful and comfortable, and at the same time in good taste—by which we mean an adaption of its form and size to its use and purposes—should be no larger than the actual wants and number of its inhabitants require. A house should be made for a house—and not to answer the double purposes of barn and granary. Neither should one build for posterity, on the principle that many of our farmers do, that they and their heirs for many generations to come, are to occupy together the same identical dwelling-place. But if they would build for posterity in the true sense of the phrase, let them go to work with their eyes open and build in a solid, durable manner—let them, instead of expanding, contract the ideas of the space in which they can live most comfortably—instead of *running up*—as the common phrase is—a house of pine boards to three or four stories, and leaving them, like the upper story of a modern dandy, unfinished—let them draw from the quarries of rocks around them, and build of solid masonry, a mansion of humbler pretensions, but of vastly superior qualities in respect to both comfort, durability and taste. We do think that a great error prevails on this subject among the yeomen—for we have no peasantry, as such—in this country. They believe—and honestly it may be—that to live in a house of only one story high, is a badge of disgrace—a mark of poverty—something indeed which must be shunned if they would avoid the imputation of being inferior to their neighbors. Their pride and independence of character are touched when you talk to them of a house of only one story being better adapted to the comforts and occupation of a farmers life—oh no! they are as good as city people, and why forsooth should they not live in houses every whit as elegant and costly. In answer to this question we would cordially recommend our farmers to the work above mentioned on Cottage Architecture.—We think it will show them that beauty of design and elegance of taste and finish in architecture are not necessarily connected with buildings of large size—that if they are disposed to live in a style of elegance as regards the construction of their houses, and have

the means so to do, they can accomplish their object far better by copying some of the simple models of cottage architecture here laid down, than by trusting to the uncultivated and heterogeneous taste of some country mechanic, to borrow models from the city to build after in the country. We say let our farmers read and examine for themselves—there is no mystery in the subject of architecture, as treated of by Mr. Loudon. The technical terms and the professional phrases are all explained and illustrated, when necessary, by an engraving. Indeed the work is filled with designs by different architects, of every variety of building, all based upon simplicity, with a proper regard to comfort and convenience. It contains, too, specifications and estimates as to cost and materials—directions for builders and in short every particular subject interesting to know, is here fully treated of.

And shall we not turn our attention to these things—shall we not attempt to do something to shake off the maledictions which Mr. Jefferson says the Genius of Architecture has shed on our country! It is often urged as an excuse for our not patronizing the fine arts, that we are not sufficiently advanced in the refinements of life to appreciate such productions—that we have neither leisure nor money to lay out upon works that are not absolutely necessary, and that we do not indeed stand in need of them. These reasons—however applicable to Sculpture and Painting, have no force when used in reference to Architecture, and especially to what may be called the *utile*, in contradistinction to the merely ornamental architecture. In a country like ours, where is every variety of scenery and soil—where the forests and shade trees rival in beauty all the fancied gorgeousness of Eastern poets—where are rivers, and lakes, and waterfalls, and valleys, and hills, and retreats of surpassing richness and charms—one would almost think that Art could find no excuse in doing so little where Nature has done so much. Indeed we are satisfied that is none, and that our countrymen need but turn their attention to this subject to redress their character from the aspersion on this subject which now rests upon it.

MAIL COACHES.

Every body that has travelled in a mail-coach (and who that has not?) knows with what perpetual motion one is whirled along, and with what rapidity he is hurried at every meal, which he is obliged to snatch as he can, while the horses are being changed. Indeed, for the matter of eating a good hearty breakfast or dinner, it is entirely out of the question—there is no such thing ever permitted—before you are half through with your meal, or perchance ere the first morsel is safely passed down your throat, the stage-horn sounds—"all ready gentlemen," echoes the driver—and then woe to the unlucky passenger who is not in season to take his seat. Uncle Sam is a peremptory old gentleman, and will admit of no delay—his word is law—his dictates must be obeyed—and breakfast or no breakfast—dinner or no dinner—you must leave all—all the smoking dishes—the tempting eggs—hot coffee—steaming stakes, and round dumplings, and trundle your half-famished, half-tantalized body into the cold comfort of a stage-coach, with the partial loss of your breakfast or dinner, or else be left yourself behind, and submit to the total loss of your stage-fare, paid in advance, and your passage into the bargain. Who will wonder then at the instinct of old travellers, which leads them at once, upon their arrival in a mail-coach at an inn, to secure, as quick as possible, something to eat—no matter what or how—they never stand for ceremony or wait for the formality of mine hostess to arrange the table according to her notions of propriety—not they—they leave that to your particular gentlemen—your nice sort of men—who must wash and shave and have their boots cleaned before they can sit down to their meal—of which, in these instances, they are never to partake, but are only to be provoked by the sight.

One of this last description of persons, not long since, had been travelling some days in the mail-coach on express, and had consequently suffered his beard to acquire a rank growth altogether at variance with his ideas of propriety. He conned the subject over in his mind, and resolved at the next stopping place, if inhabited by a barber, to avail himself of his services. Arrived at the spot, our traveller threw himself hastily from the coach, and was the next moment snugly ensconced in the arm-chair of a knight of the razor, of rather elderly appearance, and whose tardy motions he endeavored to quicken by repeated admonitions of the necessity of despatch—"Come, come—be quick—I am in haste—breakfast will be ready—the coach will be gone." The barber, however, proceeded deliberately with his work, like a man conscious of the importance of his occupation, and of the power he held over his customers. The lather was applied first on one side of the face, then on the other, and the operation was repeated over and over, till it was judged to be of sufficient consistency to soften the thick wiry beard under it, and fit it for the ra-

zor. Then the razor—that was strapped, and strapped, and strapped—our traveller in latter all the while reiterating his request to expedite business, and expressing great fears for the loss of his breakfast. With the same slow and deliberate movements, the barber now set to work, and after shaving away a while, one side of the face of his customer was fairly mowed down and cleared of its unseemly covering. The razor, however, had become dull by the service, and at work went the barber again to strap it. The impatience of our friend, the traveller, was now almost exhausted—he begged—entreated—swore—and expostulated—but to no purpose—the barber still proceeded strapping his razor in the opposite corner of the shop, without the least acceleration of his movements, or so much as heeding the epithets that were being heaped upon him. After some time, he again set to work, and our traveller, sensible of the dilemma in which he was placed—viz. that of being half-shaved—wisely held his tongue, and submitted in silence to the rest of the operation. No sooner was it through, than he threw off the napkin—wiped his face—stroked down his chin, and saw in the glass that all was finished—immediately the stage-horn sounded, and the voice of the driver proclaimed that all was ready. "There! you old fool!" exclaimed our traveller in a voice of thunder—"I have lost my breakfast!"—"Oh!" responded the barber, coming close to him—"what did you say?—speak a little louder—I am deaf!"

ANNUAL FAIR.

This interesting exhibition of Domestic Manufactures opened on Monday of last week, and closed on Saturday. We have given a brief description of many of the articles, taken from our own notes, which might have been much extended had we space; and have also availed ourselves in part of the remarks of the Commercial Advertiser on others; but it will afford after all a measure of satisfaction when compared with that experienced by those persons who had an opportunity of examining the articles themselves.

The specimens of Manufactures, Mechanics, as well as the Fine Arts, were generally of a superior order, and conclusively proved that Americans are inferior to no people in the world, either in taste or talent.

One of the most important articles exhibited, was a quantity of *Hemp*, from the town of Copenhagen, in the county of Lewis, presented by Mr. Varick. It was pronounced, by good judges, superior to the best Russian.

Of the *Point Blankets* from Buffalo, the opinion was unanimous, that these were not only the most elegant, but in all respects the very best articles of the kind which had ever been seen in New York.

The exhibition of *Cloths* was of a superior order. A superb piece of black broadcloth, from the Franklin works of Wethered & Bros, Baltimore, has been sold at \$12 per yard. There was an elegant piece of blue broadcloth, from Schenck's manufactory at Glenham, which probably would have taken the premium, had it been entered in season. A piece of ribbed cassimere from Lowell, from the elegance of its workmanship, and the neatness with which it was finished and put up, attracted much attention. One of the most beautiful articles of American goods was a piece of silk and cotton figured vesting, of substantial fabric, manufactured by Mr. Samuel Therould, Greenwich. There are no finer or better flannels than the gauze flannels from the Yantic Company, Norwich, Conn. The American prints of India silks, bandana handkerchiefs, pongees, &c. were handsome.

The Saxony wool, from Dutchess county, was pronounced a decidedly superior article.

Of Cutlery and Edged Tools, there was an extensive exhibition of elegantly finished articles. Of the latter, the Connecticut manufactures were considered of first rate quality.

Of Buttons, there were one hundred and fifty different patterns, from Waterbury, Conn., manufactured by Scoville, Robinson and Jones. They embraced all possible designs, devices, and descriptions, and equalled any manufacture in the world.

One of the most elegant articles, was a walking cane, containing a rifle, manufactured by Ethan Allen, of Grafton, Mass. By touching a spring, the handle falls down crooked like the breech of a rifle, while by another, the metal point is dexterously removed from the muzzle.

Among the fancy articles, we noticed an elegant tea caddy, and a waiting tray, inlaid with brass, very elegant. There was also an exquisitely wrought work-box, inlaid with various woods—made at No. 2, Ann street.

The specimens of imitation grained and inlaid wood and marble, by Mr. Ramsbottom, quite a young man, were peculiarly ingenious, and would deceive the eye altogether. The deception can only be detected by the closest examination. The doors represent perfectly all the finest kinds of wood used for such purposes, in the highest state of polish. A circular top

for a centre table, made of Plaster of Paris, counterfeits exactly the various kinds of marble, lava, &c. of the most beautiful colors. Water colors are employed to produce this effect, which are covered with copal varnish. The surface is then highly polished, and rubbed with oil; and is not affected by having water spilled upon it. The process is the result of the maker's own experience; and the specimens are trophies of his ingenuity.

The display of Cabinet ware was not very remarkable. The most elegant article that we observed was a mahogany secretary and book case, constructed with singular convenience, by Bartow Hammond, 14 Canal street. Near it was an elegant musical Organ—for an entirely new construction—and adapted either for a large drawing-room, or a small church—made by Lewis Z. Wahlen.

Mr. Woolley's improved Bedstead for the sick, and for persons with broken limbs, deserves all praise, it should be introduced into every hospital and every private family.

The articles of Stationary, and specimens of Book-binding—especially of ledgers—were of a superior order.

Finley's *maps and stands*, exhibited by his agent Mr. Mould, were much admired.

A quantity of Bobbinet Quilling—a fine and beautiful article—manufactured by Mr. John Cowan, of Newark, excited universal surprise; the merchants did not believe that such lace could be wrought in this country.

Great praise is due to Messrs. James Wilson & Co., for their improved single, double and triple flue hot air pyramidal Stoves, of various forms and sizes, of entirely new construction, and warranted to give the greatest degree of heat without injury to the atmosphere, with less fuel than any stoves or grates now in use.

A marine chronometer to determine the longitude at sea, by R. Masters, Old Slip. From the combination of scientific talent exhibited in the workmanship and arrangement of this piece, (which we understand is the first ever produced in this country), we would recommend the same to the immediate attention of our Ship owners, Merchants, and Marine Traders.

A time-piece, by Bogardus, exhibited some skillful workmanship, and was a very superior article.

At the head of the room was a very superb specimen of *Stained Glass*, by James & Son—the colours were most brilliant, and the execution reminds us of some of *Bachler's* best pieces, which we have seen in London.

Two splendid Silver Chasings, by Allen Leonard, executed without the assistance of stamp or die, elicited very high praise.

Mr. Benedict exhibited two Duplex Escapements, with guard chains, the whole executed in American Gold—we understand they have been tested and proved of a very superior quality.

There were two specimens of *Palm leaf Hats*, from Curtis & DeForest, of Watertown, Conn. These hats were really beautiful, and in our estimation preferable to Leghorns. The manufacture of the Palm hats worn by the N. York gentlemen this season were what is technically called "long-eyed"; the shapes, however, (being high crowned, with more of a heavier brim) possessed an advantage over those of Messrs. C. and D. who may perhaps avail themselves of this hint. The beauty of the head and perfection of the plait were all that could be desired.

A single and a double-barrelled pistol, executed by John Peterson, were superb specimens of workmanship, worthy of presentation to Ali Pasha (who was a connoisseur in these articles), or to any other military chief of the Mussulman faith. A shot from either of these pistols (to borrow the expression of a gentleman who was admiring them) would have been *delightful*.

A water-proof *Bathing Cot*, by Dr. W. Palmer, deserves particular commendation.

Mr. Beecher of Burlington, has added one more to the "thousand and one" inventions of Steam-belt propelling power; this acts with a worm, and all the machinery is in the bows, which we consider a decided improvement.

A Scrap table, and a specimen of a Transfer table, by Mr. Langhorne, were exceedingly well executed.

A painting by A. Brower—"The departure of the renowned Governor Peter Van Stuyvesant and his Trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlaer." This is as it should be, an American artist illustrating the works of an American writer. The design evinces good talent; our favourite in the piece, however, is Tony the Trumpeter—there is a good deal of humour in the conception of the character. The military figure in blue on the right is too much *a-la-Falstaff*. On the whole there is much talent exhibited in this painting.

"Return from a Masquerade." The colours were almost too sombre for the occasion which this painting represents; it was with this exception a very creditable performance.

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Near this was a Dutch piece, with the antiquated gilding which are so common in the towns of the early settlers from that country. There was no name number attached to this piece, which we the more regret, as the talent evinced by the artist is of a superior order.

On the opposite side was a copy from a Dutch landscape of Jacob Ruysdael's, by Miss Storer of Bleeker-st. We have seldom seen a painting with which we have been so highly gratified as this specimen of our fair artist's; it is faithfully and admirably executed, and Miss Storer's talent is decidedly superior—she has been emulous of excellence, and she has succeeded: we trust, however, that next year we shall have an original subject from her pencil; we would say to her, "be patient, be persevering, and thou shalt excel."

"Suzanne"—no name; this may be ranked in that particular class of paintings which are termed "cabinets," and was exceedingly well executed; but we think the artist has been too diffident in withholding his name; we like to know who we are indebted to for such favorable specimens of emulative talent.

But amidst such a variety in the productions exhibited, we find it impossible to employ all the notes we made on the occasion; we must, therefore, conclude, and in the language of the theatres, say, "that we have experienced the highest gratification from the exhibition, and wishing the exhibitors increased energies, and equal success, till the next season we respectfully bid them farewell."

We would suggest to the Managers the propriety of limiting the number admitted at one time; the greater part of the days the exhibition was open, to borrow an *libretto*, the rooms "contained more than they would hold;"—the result in several instances was exceedingly unpleasant to the ladies, many of whom were distressingly inconvenienced.

WESTWARD HO!—J. J. Harper.—In the two volumes now before us, being Nos. 25 and 26 of the "Library of Select Novels," the author of the Dutchman's Fireside has afforded his readers a fund of amusement, in a series of incidents and sketches of scenery and manners, which have, or have been supposed to exist at an early day in our own country. We believe they will be extensively read and universally admired. The work commences with a very accurate description of the early habits of Virginia, and of that race of gentlemen whose hospitality is proverbial; but of whom, but few now remain. In the progress of the narrative, Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia, is described, as she was, or is said to have been some thirty years since, with the quaint sayings and doings of her noble and hardy race—in that happy vein of humour so characteristic of our author. We have selected a short speech of a "real Kentucky" of those days—a fair specimen, we presume, of the language and feelings of the first settlers of our western wilds.

"Stranger," said Bushfield, on occasion of the other missing a squirrel which was crouching at the summit of a tree of moderate height, and which had been resigned to him as an easy shot; "stranger, I reckon you haven't had the advantage of being raised in the woods, anyhow; why, I could have brought down that squirrel with both eyes shut, let alone one."

"No; I had the misfortune to be brought up in a city, where nobody carries a gun, except the militia."

"Nobody carry a gun? why, what do they carry then, a dirk?"

"No; the young gentlemen sometimes carry a switch about as thick as my little finger."

"A switch! why, what would they do now, supposing they were to come right face to face with a bear or an Indian? what a mighty figure they'd cut."

"Yes; but there are neither bears nor Indians to fear."

"Sure that's true enough; for I remember when I went home to North Carolina, to see the old place, I'll bet if there wasn't a little varmint of a town built right smack on the spot that used to be one of the best deer stations in the whole country. I couldn't stand that, no, that was too bad, so I cut stick and made tracks, and come back to my old range; but they want at a feller alone where he has plenty of elbow room, and I begin to think of leaving here soon, and carrying a trail across the Mississippi, anyhow."

"Why so?"

"Why, I tell you, stranger. It's getting too dense hereabouts."

"Dense?"

"Yes; the people are getting too close together, they can't elbow-room. Why, do you know there's a feller has had the impudence to locate himself over yonder, within three miles of me. I saw the smoke of his chimney the other morning, and heard a strange dog bark; so I tracked the feller, and put it to him if he wasn't ashamed to come and disturb a man in this unneighborly manner. Pym-by, says I to him, a man won't have room to turn round here without hitting somebody's elbow, and the upshot of the business is, that either you or I must cut stick and quit this hunting-ground, or I'll see if I can't make you, any-how."

"Well, and did he cut stick?"

"Not he, the rattle-snake squatter! he said he had as good a right there as any bear or wolf that ever broke bread; as good as I had, that have been in possession here ever since old Rogers Clarke licked the Indians so beautifully. I'm a considerable old feller now, and followed close on the trail of old Boone, and it's a mighty pretty piece of nonsense if I hadn't a right to the coun-

try about here, as much as I can throw a stick at; and I wish I may be dragged head foremost through a thorn-bush, if this interloper shan't clear out in a pretty considerable hurry, or I'll be down upon him like all wrath, anyhow. I'd as good a mind as ever I had to shoot a wild deer, to have a fight with him off hand, and settle the right of soil at once; but then I bethought myself he might listen to reason some other time, and so I told him I'd give him till next month to make track, or make up his mind to get a most almighty licking, if nothing else. But whoop! cried he, in a wild voice, that rung through the woods, and roused the inmates of a rude cabin, consisting of a litter of puppies and an old black woman, with hair as white as snow, who came out to welcome their master."

TRIFLING INCONVENIENCES.—During a very wet day, a worthy old gentleman of comely dimensions had occasion to visit one of our first markets, which, from the selection of good things, happened to be unusually crowded. After much squeezing he made his way to the tradesman with whom he was in the habit of dealing; and on endeavouring to reach his purse, to pay for the articles selected, he found his hand unusually impeded. He attempted to remove the inconvenience, but finding his efforts unavailing, he turned to the party who was unavoidably the cause of his distress: "Sir," said he, "I do not know whether you are aware of the circumstance, but you have put your wet umbrella into my waistcoat pocket." "Sir," replied the party addressed, "I am exceedingly sorry, but it must remain there for the present, as the market is so exceedingly full that there is no possibility of removing it."

BROADWAY COACHES.—These carriages are undoubtedly a great public convenience, and if we may judge from the numbers they appear to convey daily to and from the great mart of business, we should suppose they were profitable to their owners. To ensure convenience to the one, however, as well as profit to the other, it is necessary that in the selection of drivers, great care should be taken to have them sober, careful and attentive. We are led to these remarks from its being within our own knowledge that several coaches have passed passengers when they were not full, and would not stop because another coach in company might run a-head. And one instance has been related to us where persons were taken into a coach in the upper part of the city, and on arriving at White Street were informed the coach did not go any further, and were obliged to pay their fare and walk the remainder of the distance.—This ought not to be.

There is no knowing who will be Governor till after the election, was once the old saying, but now-a-days there is no certainty on this subject, even after it is decided. Our city has been kept in a constant excitement for more than a week past about the election of a Governor in Pennsylvania. Express after express has brought the news, at one and the same time, favorable to both parties—the Jackson bulletins have announced Wolf's majority, and the opposition bulletins have announced Ritner's. If you had read the former you would be sure of the success of the Jackson ticket—pass to the other side of the street and look at the latter, and you would be equally as certain that the Clay ticket was ahead. Indeed, the most knowing ones have been sadly in a quandary—bets have hung in suspense, neither side daring to offer or take—every thing in the political world was at a dead stand—and indeed up to the time of our inditing this paragraph nothing has yet been learnt that may be depended upon as to the result of the gubernatorial vote in Pennsylvania. One thing is certain, however, that the Anti-Jackson party claim a decided victory, let who will be Governor. The whole subject has created a sensation almost unparalleled, and though we take no part in politics, in our editorial capacity, yet as chroniclers of the times, we record the circumstances as singular in themselves, and interesting to all parties.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—Master Burke and Miss Clara Fisher continue to draw good houses at the Park. They are playing in several of their best characters.

Mr. and Miss Kemble have met with a most enthusiastic reception at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. From our own admiration of their playing, we can easily imagine the feelings of the audience there. When in addition to her Bianca, they witness Miss Kemble's Julia, Beatrice, and Lady Teazle, they will, we think, agree with us, that she can only be second to her aunt—Mrs. Siddons.

Italian Opera.—"Cenerentola" has been produced several times, and we learn with a better caste of characters and much better success. Critics still disagree as to the strength and powers of the company, but we deem it equally unfair to them, and the public, either to applaud too much, or to condemn too generally. In the one instance it may lead to disappointment, and in the other, mortification and loss to strangers who have been invited to our shores, and who are entitled to a fair trial, which they can scarcely have in four or five nights performance.

THE THUNDER-STROKE.

From the Diary of a Physician.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it till the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath a coming shock. To use the exquisite language of one of our old dramatists (Marlow), there seemed

—A calm

Before a tempest, when the gentle air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to listen
For that she fears steals on to crush her."

From about eleven o'clock at noon the sky wore a lurid threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand! Though not myself over credulous, or given to superstitious fears, I own that on coupling these fearful predictions with the unusual, or rather unnatural aspect of the day, I more than once experienced sudden qualms of apprehension as I rode along on my daily rounds. I did not so much communicate alarm to the various circles I entered, as catch it from them. Then, again, I would occasionally pass a silent group of passengers clustering round a street preacher, who, true to his vocation, "redeeming the time," seemed by his gestures, and the disturbed countenances around him, to be foretelling all that was frightful. The tone of excitement which pervaded my feelings was further heightened by a conversation on the prevailing topic which I had in the course of the morning with the distinguished poet and scholar, Mr. —. With what fearful force did he suggest probabilities; what vivid, startling colouring did he throw over them! It was, indeed, a topic congenial to his gloomy imagination. He talked to me, in short, till my disturbed fancy realized the wildest chimeras.

"Great God, Dr. —!" said he, laying his hand suddenly on my arm, his great black eyes gleaming with mysterious awe—"Think, only think! What if, at the moment we are talking together, a comet, whose track the peering eye of science has never traced—whose very existence is known to none but God, is winging its fiery way towards our earth, swift as the lightning, and with force inevitable! Is it at this instant dashing to fragments some mighty orb that obstructs its progress, and then passing on towards us, disturbing system after system in its way? How—when will the frightful crash be felt? Is its heat now blighting our atmosphere? Will combustion first commence, or shall we be at once split asunder into innumerable fragments, and sent drifting through infinite space? Whither—whither shall we fly? What must become of our species? Is the Scriptural JUDGMENT then coming? Oh, Doctor, what if all these things are really at hand?"

Was this imaginative raving calculated to calm one's feelings! By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visitor, who were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way—was a Miss Agnes P—, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly shadowed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but felt their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your Sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted" were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious

surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to enquire after my health, and that of my family! Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrased with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P—'s expectations!" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P— surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest, and perhaps, worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not impose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter; and, for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a little coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked about by Agnes but the coming 10th of July, and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking!

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making these entries in my Diary from which these "Passages" are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life! I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collar—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing, and was dipping my pen into the ink-stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a glimpse merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed, at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere, and was rending asunder! I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolical. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal—May I never see or hear the like again!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupefied. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted.—While I was endeavoring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. Thunderbolts helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down! Love! Husband!"—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees—"Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. "Wait a moment, love," said I, "and I'll fetch you a few reviving drops!"—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—

was not in the parlour I had just quitted. Where was she? What would she say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward—Edward," I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; "where's Miss P—?"

"Miss P—, sir!—Why—I don't—oh, yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swiftly up stairs, and haven't seen her since, sir."—"What?" I exclaimed, with increasing trepidation, "was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?"—"Yes, it was, sir!"—"Take this in to your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had said. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

"Agnes! Where are you?" I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's sake, speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes! She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended, as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak—but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived.—There was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P—.

It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming "Agnes—Agnes!"—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little time to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently; I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber bell with almost frantic violence; and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence.—"Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend to her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, they retained, for a short time, their new position. If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances,—which terrified the servant who stood looking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed!—Satan has her!"—convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with catalepsy; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one arrested in her terror-struck flight

towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P—'s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. The water was hot enough almost to parch her tender feet. It produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

[The patient on which the writer was called proved to be a notorious flower, who had been chosen from her age, in consequence of this being being threatened by the lightning, and who, from the injury received, and the effect of a too free use of liquor, was running like a maniac.]

I hurried home full of agitation at the scene I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eyelids, and passed and re-passed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eyelids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my pen-knife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for this shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it warm and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my pen-knife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P—in the care of a nurse whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P—'s mother, and Mr. N—from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D—, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P—'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P—.

I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a

troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever recollect witnessing even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long charged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folk with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there were instances of people frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*," &c.

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P—'s room. The image of the blinded boxer fitted in fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses.—It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that hid her face—the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P—, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning feverish and unfreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P—'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks; and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued, throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action; and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency.

While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder!—I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N—at Oxford, and to Miss P—'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D—'s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *élite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P—should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!" I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D— continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern; "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a confident

* Liquid smelling salts.

air—"We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ." I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be. *

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P—. The nurse had failed in forcing even a root down her mouth, and, finding that it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, from which I had expected so much, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her and lament. Good God, was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death! What would become of her lover? of her mother? These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain anywhere but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D— made his appearance soon after dinner, and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement, for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank absent aspect that was lamentable and unusual. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but sunk down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P—! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaned forwards towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her. Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me in the case of Miss P—. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. — laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—"Well! what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * *

Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had!"

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. Such seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her?"

"Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No—I don't think she exactly believed it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, —, there was something very strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget! That is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told

* I had at home,—being myself a lover, though not a scientific one, of music—a very fine organ.

you—her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married. He will soon be here to see her."

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D—, clasping his hands, and eyeing Miss P—, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him!—'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her mother—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting you!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressing engaged; but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend left, his departure leaving me more desolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping—though faintly—that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I knelt down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—found me by her bedside as usual, and I, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the quivering monotony of my description should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P—, I heard my servant knock at the door, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age, and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P—'s—her "own sweet pet"—the poor girl herself called him. Determined to show no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P—, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake! Cousin Agnes—get up!" he cried; "Papa says, 'tis time to get up!—do you sleep with eyes open?"—*Oh!*—Cousin Agnes! He looked at her intently for some moments, and seemed frightened. He turned pale and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—told him to go to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed the briefest time in great apprehension—expecting two or three arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to go to either the mother or the betrothed husband; for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with a little hesitation that I heard the startling knock of the gentleman at the door, and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N— for poor Agnes!—For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did it write to Miss P—? Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post-mark, which observed was in Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. *Alas!* it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N—; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both in account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P.S. The tenth of July, by the way—my Aggy! Is it all over with you, sweet Pythiasia?—Are you and I still a moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall send my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—And kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always ends arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N—, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whether he had requested Miss P— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P—'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then, it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of music—of which you say she is so fond! Do not you intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious

* I had been examining her eyes, and had only half closed the lids.

service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated, and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P—.

She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that denuded her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our former hope, failed—we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even attracted the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P—; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed in frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she felt fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P—'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P—'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning *oh*. Methinks I see at this moment the afflicted state with which Mrs. P— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. P— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P—, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D— arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock, the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door. "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P—. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P—, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white untrussed morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a

living being! As soon as Dr. D— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P—. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an aisley organ at the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if this one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P—, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke.

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, 'Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.'

But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, 'Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.'

And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her; but he said, 'Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.' And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, 'Maid arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.'

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P— moving. I trembled from heat to heat; but, alas, it was a delusion!

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—see it!"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N—, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath. "Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N—! what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you for a moment into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P— lay. I endeavored to interpose, but he thrust me aside. "The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delicious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

The next evening beheld Dr. D—, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"A—nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr. D—.

"How longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" enquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly,"

* In almost every known instance of recovery from Cataplexy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them!

said Dr. D—; "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!"

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her mind may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her?"

"Why—why?"—stammered the Dean, turning pale "what if she has—has heard all that has been said?"

"Ay!" replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman—there was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—'s voice exclaim in an affrighted tone, 'Great God!' and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from the chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?"

The moment before, I had left Miss P— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I had first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr. D— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I attended to Miss P—. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly scoured away water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P— was a long deep drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, as if she were raising her trembling right hand to her face. Agnes sighed—again opened her eyes, and to our delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a teaspoon. She swallowed it, with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D—'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P—.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognize me. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I did kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lily fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as she was going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about Heaven—as I understood. She was much

stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she enquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. —" (my wife.)

"How is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads."

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—"

"all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She smiled, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And is it quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming!"

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning!"

"Come, child, you rave!"

"They seemed coming towards the world!"

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you will talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N— to come to me to day—I must see him. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired.

"The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—"

"how could she conjecture that he was within reach?" I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N—'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N—, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P—'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice-repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied.

"Well, Doctor—if on the whole, you think so—"

"that it would be safe," said N—, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P—, making my usual enquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"Remember! N— must be here to night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N—

"I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?"

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the rethring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, as I in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it!" replied Miss P—, faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—"

why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D— should accompany Mr. N— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shewn in at once?" I enquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D— and Mr. N—.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D— slowly entered, with N— upon his arm.

As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P—. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P—. Either they deceived me, or I saw strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N— followed her; and, to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P—, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 29th, Dr. Wm. A. Hunter, to Miss Catherine Stoughton.

On the 10th, Henry Beach, merchant, of New Orleans, to Miss Elizabeth A. Thompson.

On the 11th, Dr. John Graham, to Miss Allen Matile, daughter of George Bowen, Esq.

On the 10th, Francis Ryan, to Miss Amanda Maria, daughter of Richard Harlan, Esq.

On the 10th, Alfred A. Smith, to Miss Catharine Matilda Weger.

On the 11th, James Capron, to Miss Jane Campbell.

On the 13th, John Victor DeHanna, to Miss Susan C. Schwenkfelder.

On the 13th, Joseph Skillman, Jr., to Miss Mary L. Anderson.

A Brooklyn, Thomas E. Gettings, to Julia, daughter of the late Gen. Evans.

At Canfield, Ohio, Lyman Warner, to Miss Mary Tanner, James Jones, to Miss Hollihan Tanner; and David Hollister, to Miss Jane Tanner—daughters of Edmund P. Tanner.

In Brunswick co. Va., the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, of Washington, N.C., to Miss Ann M. Ford, daughter of the late Dr. Richard A. Ford, and Dr. Theophilus Meade, of Southampton, to Miss Susan Hoskins.

DIED,

In this city, on the 10th inst. Thomas Stokes, Esq. aged 68 years.

On the 10th, Mrs. Cynthia Plympton, wife of Ralph Plympton, aged 34, formerly of Weston, Mass.

On the 10th, Mrs. Eliza Bruce, wife of David Bruce, Jr. aged 24 years.

On the 14th, William McLeod, Esq. late Lt. Colonel in the Br. Army.

On the 14th, Robert L. Gentry, aged 49.

On the 13th, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Wm. McLennor, and daughter of John Deitz, deceased.

On the 11th, Mrs. Huldah Prindle, wife of Rev. Cyrus Prindle, and daughter of Col. Martin Jones, of Mead, Essex co. aged 32.

On the 12th, Thomas Johnson, aged 32.

On the 10th, Smith Thomas, aged 42.

PRINTING INK.—The subscriber, who is a practical Printer, has for upwards of sixteen years been engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, during which time it has been used extensively in many of the principal printing establishments in the U. States, and he flatters himself has given general satisfaction to his customers. He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the U. States, of unchangeable colour, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for his manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favourable terms.

Ink of various fancy colours, viz. red, blue, green, &c. made to order.

GEORGE MATHER,

Oct. 24, 111 Prince st. N. York.

PASSAICK HOUSE, Belleville, N. Jersey.

PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York.

June 6-c1.

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

S. C. SMITH, No. 68 Chatham-st. has constantly on hand for sale at wholesale and retail, a large assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's India Rubber Boots and Shoes, a first rate article for winter wear. These Boots are lined and bound, and appear as well on the foot as leather. They are most valuable and elegant articles, and none who are desirous of keeping their feet dry and preserving their health, should be without them. The above articles were prepared by the subscriber expressly for retail in the city, and he feels confident that all who see them will approve.

In addition to the above, the subscriber has also on hand, for wholesale and retail, a large assortment of India Rubber Over Shoes, of all sizes and of the very best quality, the greater part of them having been manufactured to his especial order, and under the inspection of his agent in Brazil; he feels confident that the article which he offers to the public is superior to any thing ever yet offered in this country.

Country Merchants and others who are purchasing their supplies, are invited to call as above, and they are assured that they will find a good article at a reasonable price.

Also—Water Proof Cloth, for garments, for which the premium was awarded at the late Fair to

S. C. SMITH, 68 Chatham-st. N. Y.

LOOK OUT FOR WINTER.

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FUR ARTICLES.

THE subscriber having for some time been extensively engaged in manufacturing his full supply of fur articles from skins dressed and prepared by the most experienced workmen, offers to the trade and the public generally the following splendid assortment, consisting in part of Ladies' Fur Caps, Hats, Muffs, Tippets and Pelisses, of the latest fashions, and the best materials. Also, Misses' Fur Hats and fancy trimmings, Boas of the most beautiful jet and other colors, and of various sizes; Stouels, Collars, Gloves, Sleigh Robes, and other winter paraphernalia, all of fur, made in the most substantial manner, and calculated for service as well as ornament.

To the beau monde of the city, the subscriber can confidently recommend his Fur Caps as comprising some articles superior to any thing heretofore offered to their notice, the exquisite lustre and softness of the material of the subscriber's Fur Caps, the beauty of their shape, the delicacy of their finish, and their lightness and adaptation to the climate must insure them a general preference with all those who study to combine taste with comfort. All fancy articles in the fur line will be prepared by the subscriber at the shortest notice, and in exact conformity to patterns or orders. The trade can be supplied with dressed Seal Skins of the finest quality, and in lots to suit purchasers.

E. BLOOMER, 160 Broadway.

N. E. Ala, on hand, 200 dozen Hair Seal Skin Caps at 15 per cent. off the usual prices. Oct. 13-c3m.

ANOTHER \$30,000 SOLD BY SYLVESTER.

THIS is the fact—as it was held by Mr. Matthew Hutton, of the firm of Watson & Gilson, Nashville, Tenn. Every week, the very best prizes are sure to be distributed by SYLVESTER.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 37, Oct. 17—36—66—31—31—36—24—13—53—29—30.

The following Lotteries are next to be drawn:

Oct. 24—Class 33, Capitals, \$30,000, \$15,000, &c. &c. &c. \$5

Oct. 31—Class 33, Capitals, \$30,000, \$15,000, &c. &c. &c. \$5

Both of these are well worthy attention.

SYLVESTER makes a liberal deduction when a package or quantity is taken.

All orders must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

LAKE ONTARIO.—The splendid steamer *Great Britain*, Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 96 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz. July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz. July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—stopping at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the *Great Britain* are furnished in the same manner as the New York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.

Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1832. c. i. a.

State of New York, }
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832. }

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And, also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several Wards in your County will give notice of the Election of Four Representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District, and that 42 Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff City and County of New York.

CARL KLAUFER, 195 William street, manufactures all kinds of Surgical and other Instruments, warranted superior to any imported; he also makes Razors, Penknives and Blades, Tailors' Shears, and all other kinds of Cutlery, warranted to give satisfaction. He sharpens all kinds of edged tools with a new machine, in a very superior manner, and polishes steel equal to any done in Europe. Instruments, Razors, &c. &c. brought to a fine edge, in a manner not equalled by any other person in this city. Also for sale, Newcastle Grind Stones of all sizes. mar. 17.

HAIR CLOTH.—2 cases of a superior quality, just received, and for sale low at the Cap Manufactory of L. MORANGE & DAVIS, 103 William-st.

REMOVAL.

PIANO FORTE STORE,

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metallic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N. B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-city.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

PREMIUM—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and a sonorous pronunciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their color, retain their form, elasticity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.I. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very generous as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COBINS, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past, No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.